WAR

A
MOMENTOUS
SONG

MUSIC BY
CÉSAR CUI
LYRIC BY
JUDAH JOFFE

PRICE ~ SIXTY CENTS

INTRODUCED
TO AMERICA
BY
SOPHIE
BRASLAU

PUBLISHED IN
THREE KEYS
HIGH - MEDIUM - LOW
A F D

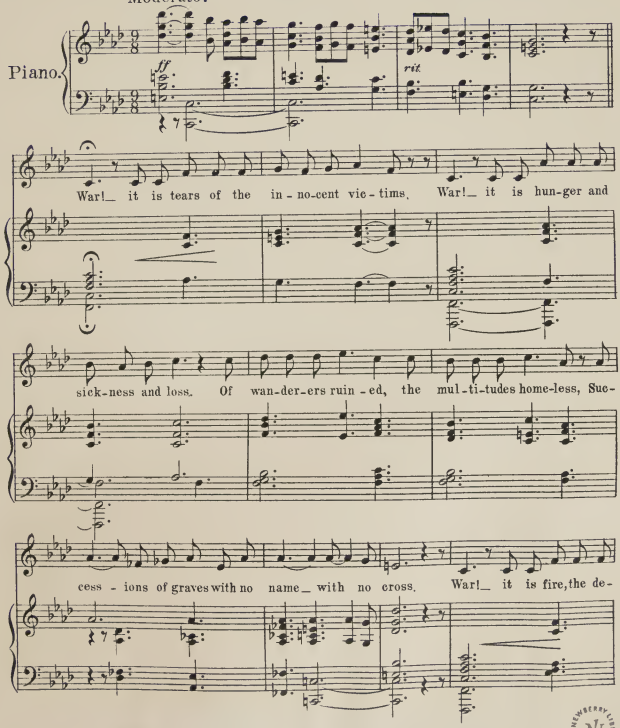
The
John Franklin
Music Co.
1531 Broadway
New York
City

WAR

Lyric by
JUDAH A. JOFFE

Medium

Music by
CÉSAR CUI

Moderato.

Piano.
ff
rit.
War!_ it is tears of the in - no-cent vic - tims. War!_ it is hun-ger and
sick-ness and loss. Of wan-der-ers ruin - ed, the mul - ti-tudes home-less, Suc-
cess - ions of graves with no name_ with no cross. War!_ it is fire, the de-

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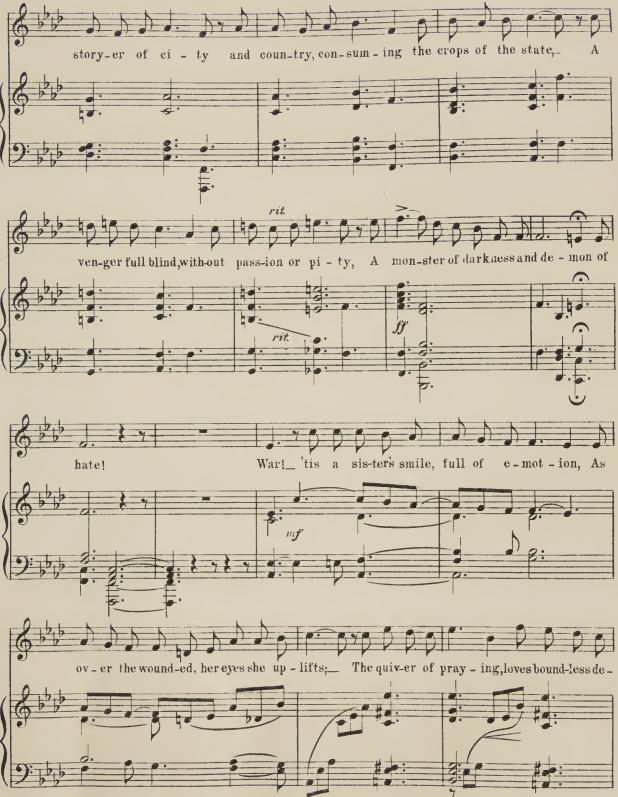
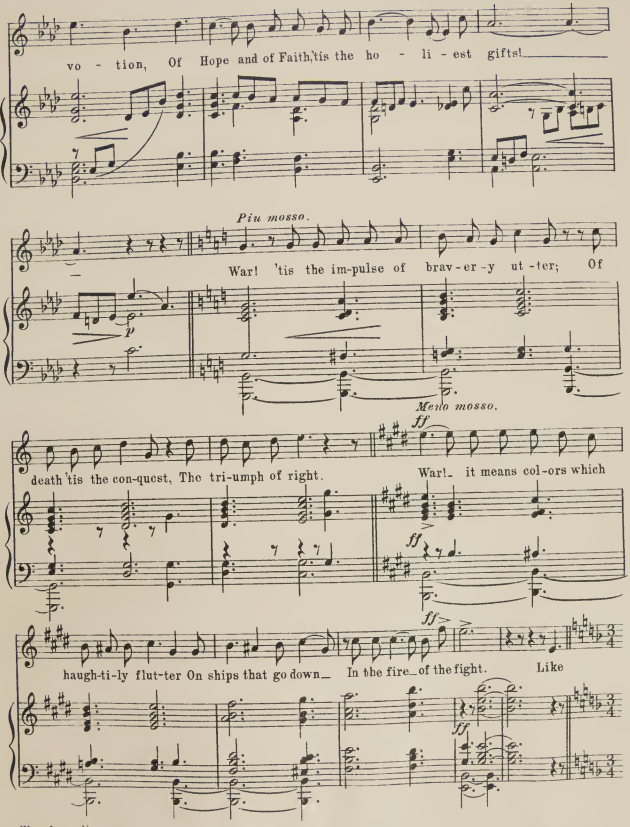
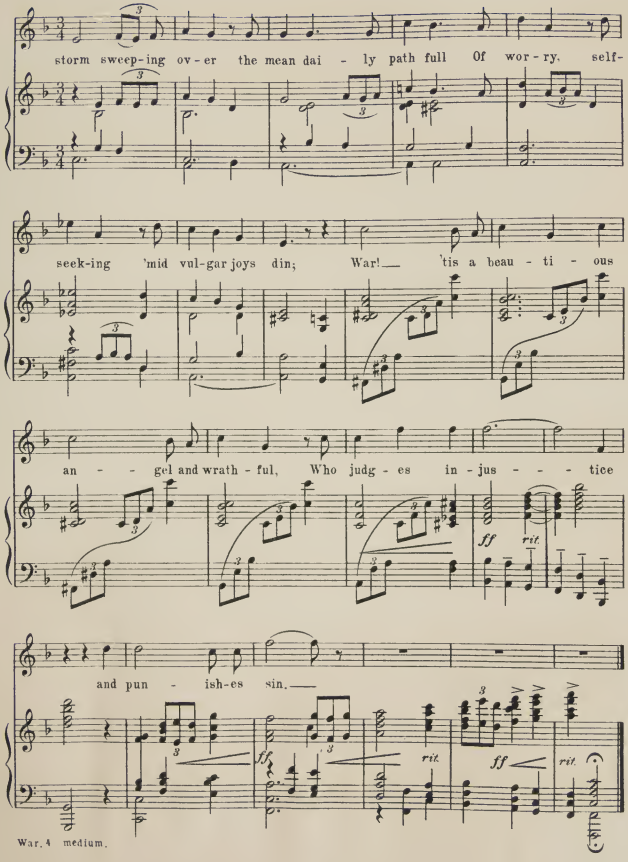

story-er of ci - ty and coun-try, con-sum-ing the crops of the state,— A
rit.
ven-ger full blind, with-out pass-ion or pi - ty, A mon-ster of dark-ness and de - mon of
rit.
ff
hate! War!— 'tis a sis-ter's smile, full of e-mot - ion, As
mf
ov - er the wound-ed, her eyes she up - lifts;— The quiv-er of pray - ing, loves bound-less de-


vo - tion, Of Hope and of Faith, 'tis the ho - li - est gifts!
Piu mosso.
War! 'tis the im-pulse of brav-er-y ut-ter; Of
Meno mosso.
death 'tis the con-quest, The tri-umph of right.
War! it means col-ors which
haugh-ti-ly flut-ter On ships that go down In the fire of the fight. Like


storm sweep-ing ov-er the mean dai - ly path full Of wor-ry, self-
seek-ing 'mid vul-gar joys din; War! 'tis a beau - ti - ous
an - - gel and wrath-ful, Who judg-es in-jus - - - tice
ff
rit.
and pun - ish-es sin.
ff
rit.
ff
rit.

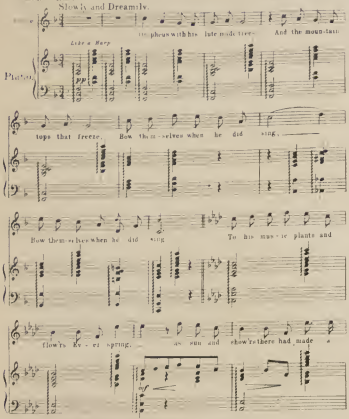
War. 4 medium.

Four Numbers Well Worth Your Attention

Orpheus With His Lute.

Words by
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Henry the Eighth"
Act III. Scene I.

Music by
AUGUSTUS BARRATT


Slowly and Dreamily.
Like a Harp
Piano.
Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the moun-tain
tops that freeze
Bow them-selves when he did sing
To his mu-sic plants and
flow'rs Ev - er spring,
as sun and show'rs there had made

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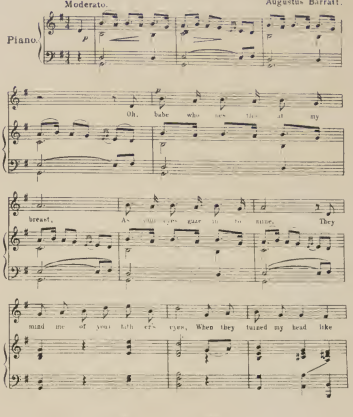
Deserted.

Words and Music by
Augustus Barratt.


Moderato.
Piano.
Oh, babe who took that at my
breast,
As still were mine. They
mind me of your lith ers eyes, When they fixed my head like

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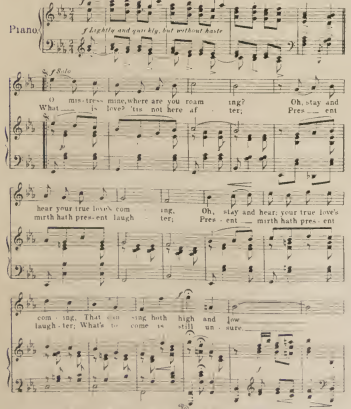
O Mistress Mine.

Words by
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From "Twelfth Night"
Act II Scene III

Music by
AUGUSTUS BARRATT

Piano.
f Lightly and quickly, but without haste
O mis-tress mine, where are you roam ing? Oh, stay and
What is love? 'tis not here af ter; Pres ent
hear your true love's com ing, Oh, stay and hear, your true love's
mirth hath pres-ent laugh ter; Pres ent mirth hath pres ent
com ing, That can sing both high and low
laugh ter; What's to come is still un sure

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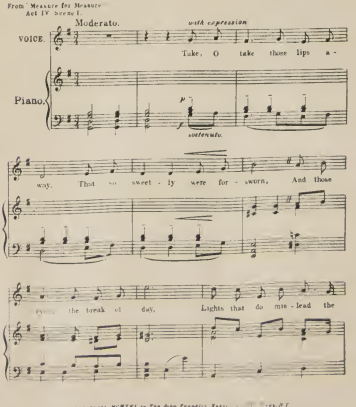
Take, O Take Those Lips Away.

Tenor Solo.

Words by
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
From Measure for Measure
Act IV. Scene I.

Music by
AUGUSTUS BARRATT.


Moderato.
with expression.
VOICE
Piano.
Take, O take those lips a -
sostenuto.
way, That so sweet - ly were for - sworn, And those
eyes the break of day, Lights that do mis - lead the

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WAR

POEM BY

DANA BURNET

SET TO MUSIC BY

JAMES H. ROGERS

MEDIUM VOICE, IN D
LOW VOICE, IN C

.50

BOSTON: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
NEW YORK: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY

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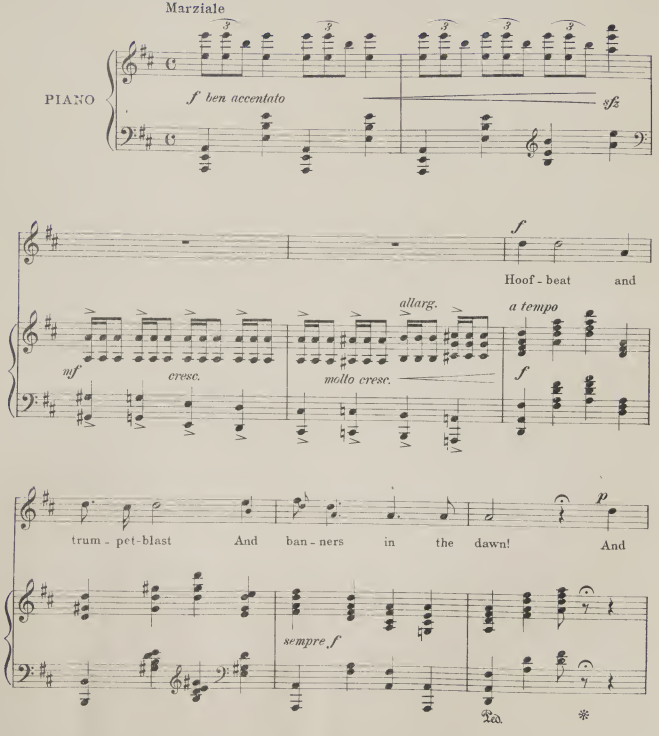
CHICAGO

WAR

(Original Key)

DANA BURNET

JAMES H. ROGERS



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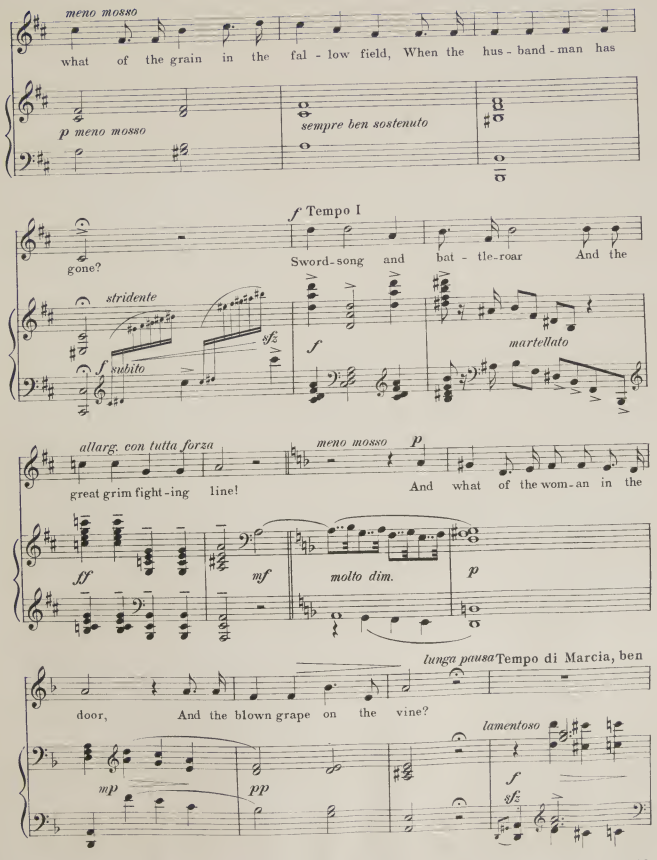
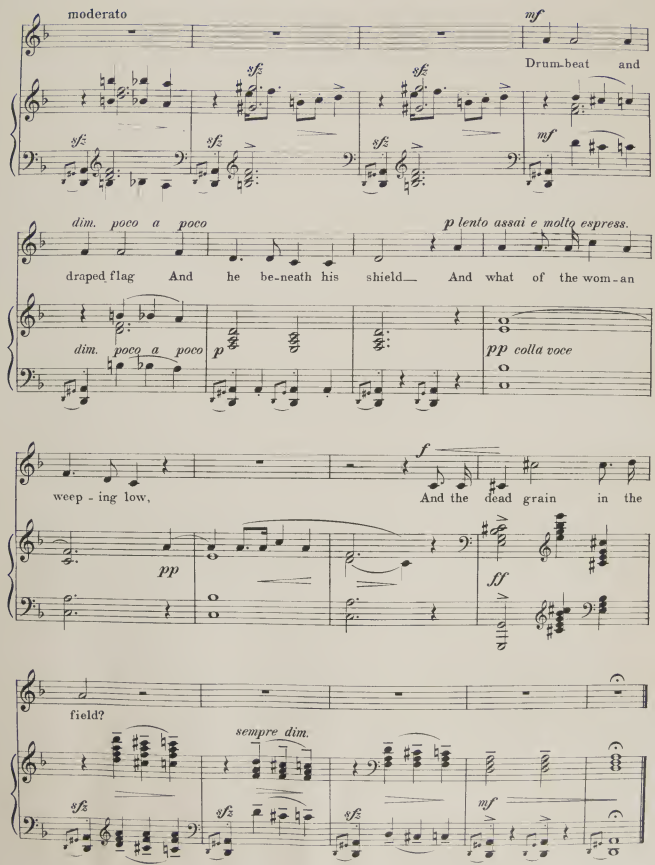
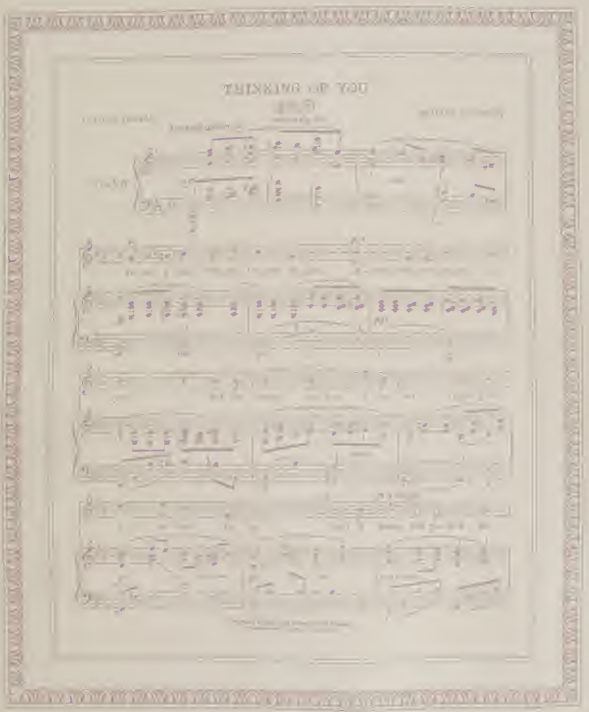

meno mosso
what of the grain in the fal - low field, When the hus - band - man has
p meno mosso
sempre ben sostenuto
f Tempo I
gone?
Sword-song and bat - tle-roar And the
stridente
sfz
f subito
f
martellato
allarg. con tutta forza
meno mosso
p
great grim fight-ing line!
And what of the wom-an in the
ff
mf
molto dim.
p
lunga pausa Tempo di Marcia, ben
door,
And the blown grape on the vine?
lamentoso
mp
pp
f
sfz


moderato
mf
Drum-beat and
sfz
dim. poco a poco
p lento assai e molto espress.
draped flag And he be-neath his shield And what of the wom-an
dim. poco a poco
p
pp colla voce
f
weep - ing low, And the dead grain in the
pp
ff
field?
sempre dim.
sfz
mf

A SUCCESSFUL NEW SONG

HIGH VOICE IN F♯ MEDIUM VOICE IN E♭ LOW VOICE IN C

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

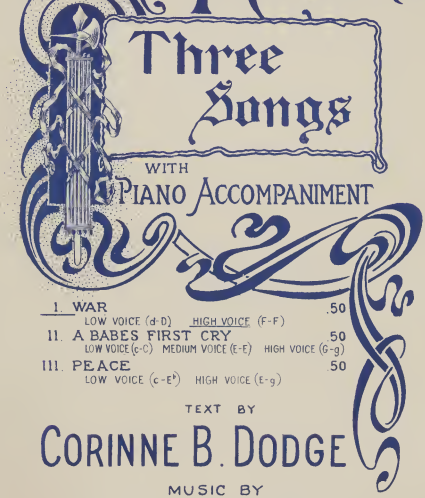
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, BOSTON

To my friend MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK

WAR TRILOGY

Three Songs

WITH

PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

I. WAR .50
LOW VOICE (d-D) HIGH VOICE (F-F)

II. A BABES FIRST CRY 50
LOW VOICE (g-C) MEDIUM VOICE (E-E) HIGH VOICE (G-g)

III. PEACE 50
LOW VOICE (c-$E^{\flat}$) HIGH VOICE (E-g)

TEXT BY

CORINNE B. DODGE

MUSIC BY

GERTRUDE ROSS

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING Co.
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

WAR TRILOGY

I
WAR

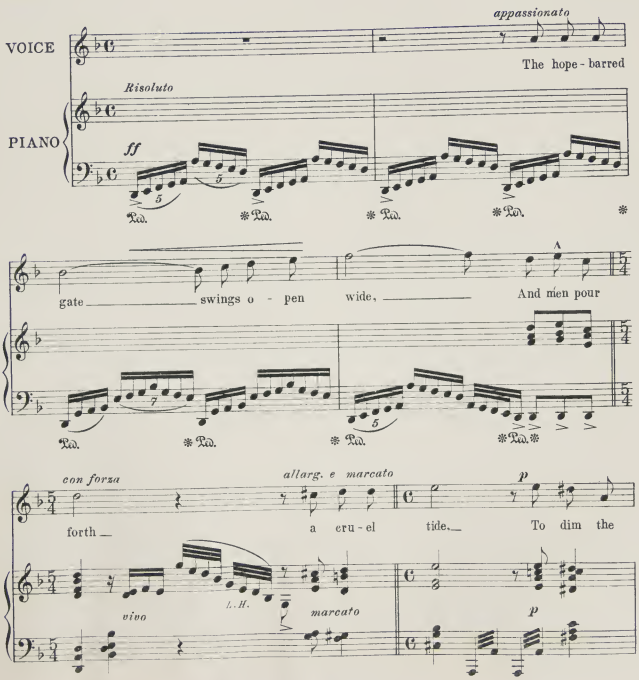
The hope-barred gate swings open wide,
And men pour forth – a cruel tide, –
To dim the eye – to strangle breath
From brother man – no pity holds!
The battle-plains are bathed in red,
Each nation counts a myriad dead.
Oh, iron game with men for dice,
The world has paid a blood-bought price, –
Can human faith uphold it more?
And this is War! And this is War!

Corinne E. Dodge

14803-4

WAR

CORINNE B. DODGE

GERTRUDE ROSS

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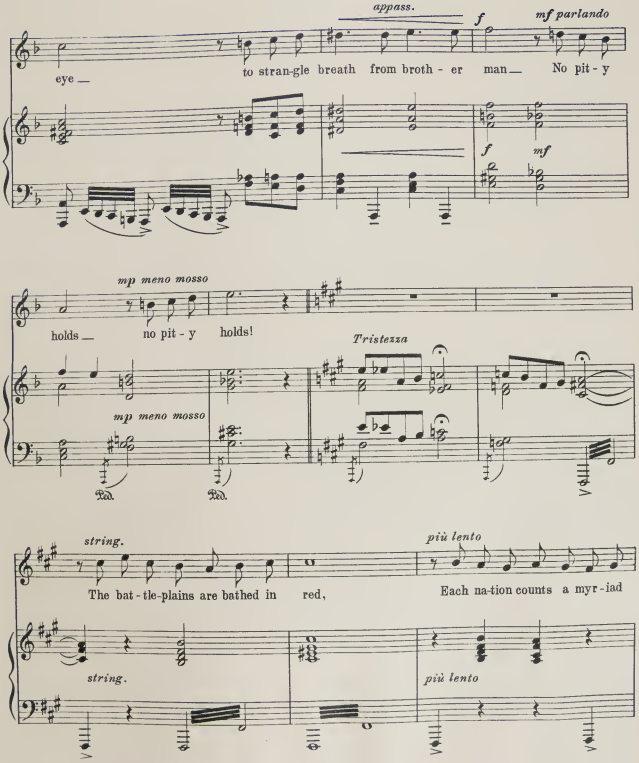
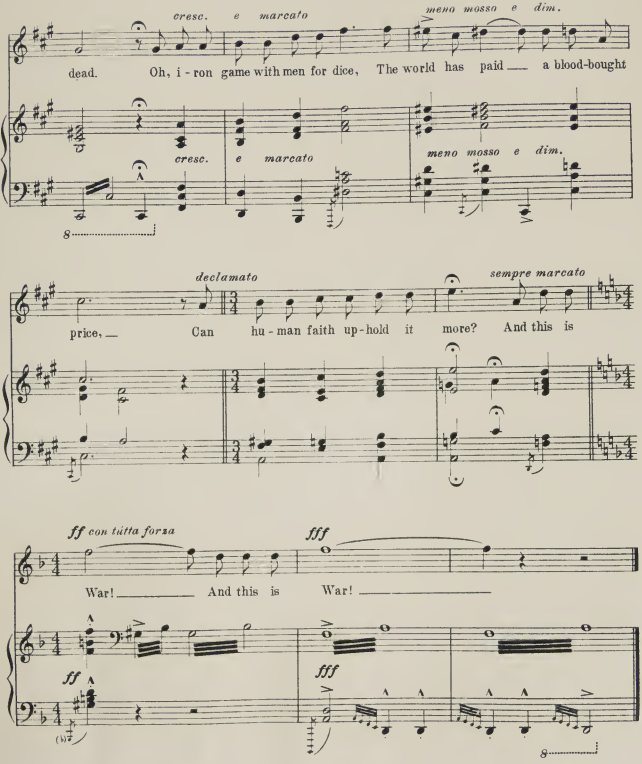
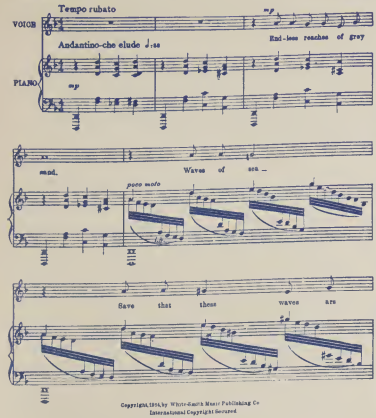

appass.
f
mf parlando
eye —
to stran-gle breath from broth - er man — No pit - y
f
mf
mp meno mosso
holds — no pit - y holds!
Tristezza
mp meno mosso
string.
più lento
The bat - tle-plains are bathed in red,
Each na-tion counts a myr - iad
string.
più lento


cresc. e marcato
meno mosso e dim.
dead. Oh, i - ron game with men for dice, The world has paid a blood-bought
cresc. e marcato
meno mosso e dim.
8
declamato
sempre marcato
price, Can hu - man faith up - hold it more? And this is
ff con tutta forza
fff
War! And this is War!
ff
fff
8

Dedicated to Mme. Gertrude Ross

NIGHT IN THE DESERT

FAITH BOEHNCKE — GERTRUDE ROSS



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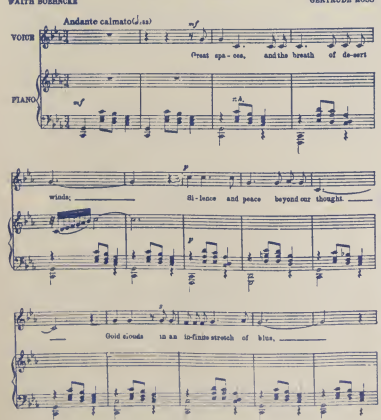
DAWN IN THE DESERT

FAITH BOEHNCKE — GERTRUDE ROSS


Andante calmato
VOICE
PIANO
Great spa - ces, and the breath of de-sert
winds; — dil-lence and peace beyond our thought.
Gold clouds in an in-finite stretch of blue.

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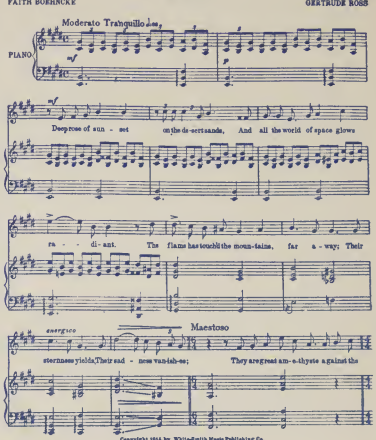
Dedicated to Mme. Schumann-Heink

SUNSET IN THE DESERT

FAITH BOEHNCKE — GERTRUDE ROSS

Moderato Tranquillo
PIANO
Deep rose of sun - set on the de-sert sands, And all the world of space glows
ra - di-ant. The flame has touch'd the moun-tains, far a - way; Their
Maestoso
energico
stern-ness yields, Their sad - ness vanish-es; They are great am-e-thysts against the

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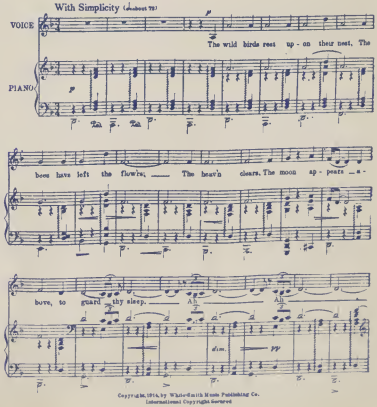
INDIAN LULLABY

(Melody of Blackfeet tribe)

Words selected — ARTHUR NEVIN[4]

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